

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF
A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

EPISODE FOUR

Rehearsal Script
BBC-1 Colour

Project No: 02340/9294
Draft of: 8 Aug 80

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5S

"WARRIORS' GATE"

by

Steve Gallagher

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Executive Producer	BARRY LETTS
Director	PAUL JOYCE
Designer	GRAEME STORY
Script Editor	CHRISTOPHER H BIDMEAD
P.U.M.	ANGELA SMITH
P.A.	GRAEME HARPER
A.F.M.	VAL MCCRIMMON
Assistant	JOYCE STANSFELD
Costume Designer	JUNE HUDSON
Make-Up Artist	PAULINE COX
Visual Effects Designer .	MAT IRVINE
TM1	JOHN DIXON
Sound Supervisor	CLIVE GIFFORD
E.E.O.	ROBIN LOBB
Vision Mixer	
Music by	PETER HOWELL
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 6th September - 1st October

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: 17th, 18th & 19th September
2nd, 3rd & 4th October, 1980

TRANSMISSION: SATURDAY, 10TH JANUARY, 1981
(STORY No 5 IN TRANSMISSION ORDER)

DOCTOR WHO: "WARRIROS' GATE" EPISODE FOUR

CAST:

Doctor
Romana
Adric
K9

Biroc
Lazlo

Rorvik
Packard
Lane
Aldo
Waldo
Sagan
Nestor

Child Thark (N/S)
Tharks (N/S)
Humanoid Servants (N/S)
Gundans (N/S)
Crewmen (N/S)

SETS:

Int. New Banqueting Hall
Int. Old Banqueting Hall (with Minstrel 's Gallery)

Int. Gateway Entrance Tunnel
Int. Gateway

Ext. Tardis in Void
Int. Tardis Console Room

Int. Bridge of Privateer
Ext. Void by Privateer
Int. Hold of Privateer
Int. Corridor of Privateer
Int. Damaged area of Privateer
Ext. Void by Privateer & Tardis

Int. Avenue behind the Mirror
Ext. Thark Palace Gardens

Model Shots:

Ext. Tardis & Privateer in the Void
Ext. Shell of Privateer

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Opening
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. INT. THE NEW BANQUETING HALL.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL
SEATED AMONG THE THARKS,
ENJOYING THE DELIGHTS OF
THE BANQUET, WAITED ON BY
HUMANOID SERVANTS)

DOCTOR: [REFERRING TO THE
DISH BEFORE HIM] Such variety.
Where did it all come from?

BIROC: The universe is our
garden.

DOCTOR: So this is what it
was like.

BIROC: At the height our
Empire, before the Tharks became
the slaves of men.

DOCTOR: I notice you don't
do too badly for staff yourself.
This garden of yours, the universe.
How do you keep it all going?

BIROC: We use our power.
To those who travel on the Time
Winds the vastness of space is no
obstacle. Everything is ours.

DOCTOR: [INDICATING THE
SERVANTS] Including these chaps.

BIROC: Everything.

DOCTOR: People, too?

BIROC: They are only men.

(THE DOCTOR PUSHES HIS
PLATE ASIDE)

DOCTOR: I've seen enough,
Biroc. This is no way to run an
Empire.

(ROMANA STANDS IN THE
MINSTREL'S GALLERY, A
HEALED LAZLO BESIDE HER.

SHE TURNS TO HIM)

ROMANA: Danger? The
Doctor's in danger.

(SHE LOOKS AT LAZLO, WHO
NODS.

ROMANA LEANS FORWARD TO
SHOUT TO THE DOCTOR, BUT
TOO LATE.

THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN.

SUDDENLY THE BANQUETING
HALL IS SWARMING WITH
GUNDANS, THEIR AXES
FLASHING.

ROMANA RUNS TO THE

DOCTOR. RISING TO HIS
FEET, HE PUTS A
PROTECTIVE ARM AROUND
HER.

ONE AXE SWINGS INTO THE
TABLE, CLEAVING IT FROM
END TO END.

THE SCENE FRAGMENTS AS
THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA
STAND TO FACE:)

2. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(RORVIK AND HIS CREW, IN
A SEMICIRCLE, THEIR HAND
WEAPONS DRAWN AND POINTED
AT THE FOCUS OF
INTEREST:

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA
AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE
MOULDERING FEAST)

RORVIK: Well, Doctor. This
is a surprise.

DOCTOR: For me too.

RORVIK: You seem to come and
go around here with a great deal of
freedom.

DOCTOR: It is a bit
alarming, isn't it. And the
culinary arrangements are rather
variable too.

RORVIK: What's the secret?
Something you'd care to share with
us?

ROMANA: You won't get the
Doctor's help by pointing guns at
him.

(RORVIK RAISES HIS
WEAPON)

RORVIK: I negotiate from
strength.

DOCTOR: Much the best way.
When you can do it.

ROMANA: You've mended the
warp motors, then? Found a new
navigator?

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA] No need
to be aggressive. We're all in the
same boat -- they know that.

RORVIK: Except that you know
the way out.

DOCTOR: Do I?

RORVIK: That way. [HE
POINTS TO THE NEAREST MIRROR]

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS
HEAD)

DOCTOR: Sorry. That's a
dead end.

RORVIK: I don't believe you.
And neither do my men.

(RORVIK LOOKS AROUND AT
HIM MEN, HOPING THEY'LL
BE SHOWING THEMSELVES AT
THEIR MOST TRIGGER-HAPPY
AND RESTLESS.

THEY STILL HAVE THEIR
WEAPONS POINTED VAGUELY
IN THE DOCTOR'S
DIRECTION, BUT WITH THE
EXCEPTION OF PACKARD THEY

ARE ONE-HANDEDLY RESUMING
WHAT REMAINS OF THEIR
LUNCH)

DOCTOR: A hungry bunch. As
a matter of fact, it's all a dead
end. And unless we work together
we could be stuck here till the
crack of doom. [OVER PACKARD'S
SHOULDER] Could I have one of your
pickles? [TAKING IT] I had to
rush lunch.

PACKARD: [CHECKING WITH
RORVIK] All right?

RORVIK: Why not? It's his
last meal.

DOCTOR: [HELPING HIMSELF
LIBERALLY] That goes for all of
us. [WAVING A CHICKEN LEG IN THE
DIRECTION OF A THARK SKELETON] We
won't be much better off than this
chap here once the sandwiches run
out.

RORVIK: Enough of the
gossip. [RAISING HIS WEAPON] The
secret, Doctor?

(THERE IS A NEW URGENCY
IN RORVIK'S TONE. HIS
CREWMEN HEAR IT, AND
ABANDON THEIR
PREOCCUPATION WITH THEIR
LUNCH. ALL WEAPONS ARE
NOW LEVELLED AT THE
DOCTOR AND ROMANA)

K9: [ENTERING BEHIND
THEM] Alert, danger, warning.
Repeat. Present mass anomaly
increasing. Danger. Warning.

(PACKARD TURNS ROUND TO
SEE K9 ADVANCING TOWARDS
HIM)

PACKARD: I don't believe it.

ROMANA: K9!

DOCTOR: Where have you been,
poor old thing?

RORVIK: Is that yours?

K9: Mass conversion
anomaly. Alert, danger, warning!

RORVIK: Shut him up.

(HE TURNS TO POINT HIS
GUN AT HIM.)

THE DOCTOR STEPS IN
BETWEEN K9 AND RORVIK,
AND PUSHES HIS CHICKEN
BONE INTO THE END OF
RORVIK'S LASER)

DOCTOR: I wouldn't do that.
He may have a point.

(THE DOCTOR KNEELS DOWN
TO TALK TO K9)

DOCTOR: What's all this
about a mass conversion anomaly?

K9: Dimensional
contraction of microcosmic system.
Orders?

(THE ENTRANCE OF K9 HAS
CAUSED A CERTAIN AMOUNT
OF AMUSEMENT AMONG THE
CREW. THE DOCTOR HOLDS
UP HIS HAND FOR SILENCE)

DOCTOR: Dimensional
contraction? This could be
serious.

ROMANA: [JOINING HIM BY K9]
It's the memory wafers, Doctor.
He's going a bit funny.

K9: Zero space, zero
time situation imminent. Warning.

DOCTOR: [GRIMLY] That's not
very funny. [TO K9] What's
causing it?

K9: Impossible to
compute. Space Time instability.

RORVIK: [WITH MENACE] Time
to play with your toys later,
Doctor.

DOCTOR: [STRAIGHTENING UP]
I'm afraid not. Listen, all of
you. If K9's right, and he usually
is, this place is in worse shape
than we thought.

PACKARD: You can't get worse than the back of beyond.

DOCTOR: In a little while it may not even be that.

ROMANA: K9 says its dimensions are contracting.

RORVIK: That's the silliest thing I've heard all day. [TO PACKARD] Who's going to believe that?

PACKARD: Well...

RORVIK: I thought you might. It's ridiculous. Space contracting?

ROMANA: And time.

PACKARD: At least hear him out. What's the hurry?

DOCTOR: Quite a lot, actually. [TO K9] How long have we got?

K9: Contraction curve exponential. Estimate on present data beyond capability of this unit.

ROMANA: So it's starting slowly, but could collapse completely any minute.

DOCTOR: It would take some huge mass to distort space-time to that extent. The Tardis doesn't weigh that much. [TO RORVIK] And nor does your ship.

ROMANA: It might. The hull's made of dwarf star alloy.

DOCTOR: What? [TO RORVIK] Why dwarf star alloy? What are you up to?

(THE DOCTOR TAKES OUT OF HIS POCKET THE MANACLE WE SAW BY THE MIRROR AT THE END OF EPISODE ONE)

DOCTOR: Something to do with these? [HE HOLDS IT UP IN FRONT OF RORVIK]

ROMANA: They're slavers!

DOCTOR: That's right, Romana. Trading in time-sensitives. Dwarf Star alloy is the only material that can hold them.

RORVIK: [REACHING OUT FOR THE MANACLE] And it's very expensive.

DOCTOR: [TUCKING IT BACK IN HIS POCKET] How many of the poor creatures have you got in that hulk of yours?

(DURING THIS, UNREMARKED BY THE OTHERS, K9 HAS

CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIS OWN REFLECTION
IN THE MIRROR.

HE HOBBOLES OVER TO INVESTIGATE)

RORVIK: Poor creatures?
Each one is worth a king's ransom,
Doctor. You seem to understand
business even less than you
understand science. This wild
theory about contraction....

DOCTOR: Oh, it's not wild.
K9's usually... [HE LOOKS AROUND]
K9?

(K9 IS LOOKING INTO THE
MIRROR)

K9: 9K, 9K. Tuo yaw.

RORVIK: Your machine seems
to know something about it, even if
you don't. [TO HIS MEN] Get them
to the mirrors.

(SEVERAL OF THE CREWMEN
GRAB THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA AND DRIVE THEM
ACROSS TO THE NEAREST
MIRRORS, HAND WEAPONS
JABBED IN THEIR BACKS)

PACKARD: [TO THE DOCTOR, AS
THEY GO] So what you're saying....
[HE CATCHES RORVIK'S EYE, BUT
CONTINUES ANYWAY] The distances
are getting shorter.

LANE: Like between the ship and here?

DOCTOR: That's right. As the domain contracts.

RORVIK: Shut up. He's playing for time.

DOCTOR: Time? Quite the reverse.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE NOW FACE TO FACE WITH THEIR REFLECTIONS IN THE MIRROR)

LANE: [TO RORVIK] He's right about one thing. The trip from here to the ship.... each time we've done it, it has been shorter.

DOCTOR: If I can get back to the Tardis I'll prove it. And gather some idea of how much time is left.

RORVIK: Gobbledegook! We can deal with this in very short order. [PUTTING A WEAPON TO THE DOCTOR'S EAR] Get us through.

(THE DOCTOR'S FACE IS JAMMED UP AGAINST THE GLASS. AS HE STARES INTO HIS OWN REFLECTION IT SEEMS TO DISSOLVE BEFORE HIS EYES.

RORVIK AND HIS CREW SEEM TO FREEZE IN TIME, AS:

THE SHADOWY FACE OF BIROC
APPEARS BEYOND THE
MIRROR)

DOCTOR: [A WHISPER] Hello?
Biroc!

BIROC: [ALSO WHISPERING; ON
ECHO] Doctor. You have seen our
past, and you have seen our
present. Judge whether we have not
suffered punishment enough for the
abuse of our gift.

DOCTOR: As you say, the weak
enslave themselves.

BIROC: But the time of our
enslavement is over. We will be
free.

DOCTOR: I wish you luck.
But what about us? Any ideas on
that count?

BIROC: [A WHISPERED REPLY;
ON ECHO] Do nothing. It is done.

DOCTOR: [AS THE IMAGE FADES]
That's all very well, but... Biroc?
Biroc?

(RORVIK AND HIS CREW
RETURN TO LIFE)

RORVIK: [HIS FINGER
WHITENING ON THE TRIGGER] Time's
run out -- for you, Doctor.

(BUT AT THAT MOMENT THEY
HEAR:)

ADRIC: P.. p.. please let
the Doctor go....

(ALL EYES TURN, TO SEE:

ADRIC ASTRIDE THE MZ,
WHICH IS POINTING
STRAIGHT AT THEM)

ADRIC: Because.... I'm not
sure what these levers do. But it
is pointing in your direction.

(SUDDENLY ROVIK'S PARTY
ABANDON ALL INTEREST IN
THE DOCTOR, SCATTERING
ACROSS THE ROOM.

ADRIC SEEMS TO HAVE
MASTERED THE CONTROLS TO
THE EXTENT THAT HE CAN
FOLLOW RORVIK WITH THE
MACHINE, PANNING HIM AS
HE SKIPS FROM MIRROR TO
MIRROR)

RORVIK: [SHOUTING TO ADRIC]
Don't touch anything, you poisonous
child! [WITH ILL-CONCEALED PANIC]
Who is this boy?

DOCTOR: Friend of mine, I'm
afraid. [TO ROMANA] Shall we
slip away? Come on.

(THE DOCTOR PICKS UP K9
AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR,
FOLLOWED BY ROMANA. THEY
COLLECT ADRIC FROM THE MZ

AND DISAPPEAR)

RORVIK: [TO HIS CREWMEN]
All right, lads. Get them.

(THE CREWMEN COLLECT
THEMSELVES AND BEGIN TO
MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR)

RORVIK: [YELLING] Today!

3. INT. GATEWAY ENTRANCE TUNNEL. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR, CARRYING K9,
ROMANA AND ADRIC RACE
DOWN THE TUNNEL)

DOCTOR: Come on.

ROMANA: So you said. Where
are we going?

DOCTOR: There doesn't seem
to be a lot of choice. Let's see
if we can find the Tardis.

4. EXT. THE GATEWAY. DUSK.

(AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE
ENTRANCE ROMANA GIVES A
SHOUT AND POINTS INTO THE
VOID AHEAD OF THEM)

ROMANA: Doctor! Look!

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC
STOP DEAD, FOLLOWING THE
DIRECTION OF ROMANA'S
GAZE)

DOCTOR: So K9 is right!

(WE SEE WHAT THEY SEE:

THE PRIVATEER LOOMING OUT
OF THE MIST, ONLY A FEW
YARDS AWAY FROM THE
GATE)

DOCTOR: [DUMPING K9 ON
ROMANA] Here, you carry him for a
bit.

ROMANA: When are you going
to learn that I'm not your
dogsbody.

DOCTOR: I wish you were. He
needs a new one.

(ROMANA PASSES K9 TO
ADRIC)

ROMANA: Here. It's your
turn.

DOCTOR: Come on.

ROMANA: And I wish you
wouldn't keep saying come on. [TO
ADRIC; WHO'S STRUGGLING BEHIND WITH
K9] Come on!

(THEY RUN OFF.

RORVIK'S PARTY APPEARS,
AND THEY TOO SEE THE
SHIP. RORVIK STARES)

PACKARD: The ship's moved!

RORVIK: Contracting
continuum!

PACKARD: Gobbledegook.

RORVIK: [TO PACKARD] You
never learn anything, do you.
There's only one thing for it. [TO
ALL OF THEM] Right, everybody.
The MZ!

(HE TURNS ROUND, LEADING
HIS MEN AT A TROT BACK IN
THE DIRECTION OF THE
BANQUETING HALL.

TWO OF THE CREW REMAIN:
SHY, DIFFIDENT MEN WITH
HIGHER THINGS ON THEIR
MINDS:)

ALDO: I'm not going near
that thing.

WALDO: No problem. Rorvik knows what he's doing.

ALDO: You think so?

WALDO: Rorvik? He's seen us right up to now, hasn't he?

(THEY LOOK AROUND THEM AT THE EMPTY CULMINATION OF THEIR LIFE WITH RORVIK, AND AFTER A SINGLE SILENT MUTUAL GLANCE... VANISH SWIFTLY OUT INTO THE VOID.

THE GATEWAY STANDS DESERTED FOR A MOMENT.

THEN FROM BEHIND IT COMES A MASSIVE FLASH OF LIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A THUNDERCLAP.

THE SCENE FILLS WITH SUNDRY DEBRIS AND SMOKE.

AS THIS CLEARS WE SEE A CHARRED AND DEJECTED LINE OF RORVIK'S CREW, GROPING THEIR WAY OUT INTO THE AIR.

PACKARD BRINGS UP THE REAR)

RORVIK: [O.O.V] Don't give up, lads. We'll go for the back-blast.

5. EXT. THE TARDIS IN THE VOID. DUSK.

DOCTOR: [RUNNING IN,
FOLLOWED BY ROMANA AND ADRIC]
There she blows!

ROMANA: We found it!

DOCTOR: [AS THEY APPROACH
IT] That's one advantage of living
in a rapidly shrinking
micro-universe.

ROMANA: What are the
others?

DOCTOR: [AS THEY GO INSIDE]
Very hard to say.

6. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DUSK.

ROMANA: We can't just
dematerialise and leave them.
There are slaves on that ship.

(SUDDENLY THE TARDIS
LURCHES)

ROMANA: What's happening?

DOCTOR: Mass attraction.
Something's moving out there, and
it's shaking the whole Gateway.

(ADRIC POINTS TO THE
SCREEN)

ADRIC: Look!

(THE PRIVATEER IS OFF THE
GROUND AND TURNING
SLOWLY)

ROMANA: What's he doing? He
can't take off with his warp motors
in that state.

(THE SHIP'S JET VENTS
LOOM INTO VIEW)

DOCTOR: A back-blast! He's
going to use the jets to try to
smash in the mirrors.

ROMANA: He's mad. The backlash will bounce back and destroy everything. It's bound to accelerate the collapse of space around here.

ADRIC: But couldn't that flip you back into N-space, if we dematerialised at the right moment.

ROMANA: We can't think of that, with those slaves on board. We've got to do something.

DOCTOR: Persuade Rorvik to chose a less violent way of going about things? I'm not hopeful.

ROMANA: Neither am I.

ADRIC: There is that damaged area.

DOCTOR: What damaged area?

ROMANA: Of course. By the warp motors. [TO THE DOCTOR] The main cable insulation is exposed. We might be able to short out their power.

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA AND ADRIC] You stay here. If I'm not back -- for whatever reason -- in fifteen minutes I want you to dematerialise.

ADRIC: Without you?

ROMANA: I'm not letting you go alone.

DOCTOR: Don't argue. It's time you learnt to obey orders.

ROMANA: Long past time. How do you think you're going to find the cables, for one thing? Adric and I have seen them.

ADRIC: I'm coming too.

ROMANA: You certainly are not. It's time you learnt to obey orders. Stay here, and if we're not back -- for whatever reason -- in fifteen minutes. I want you to dematerialise. Understand.

(THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN WATCHING ROMANA'S PERFORMANCE. HE SMILES)

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA] I think your apprenticeship's almost over.

ROMANA: Almost? Huh!
[SWEEPING OUT THROUGH THE DOOR]
Come on.

(THE DOCTOR TAKES ADRIC'S HAND)

DOCTOR: We'll be back in time.

ADRIC: Of course you will.

DOCTOR: But just in case we
aren't... [HE PUTS HIS HAT ON
ADRIC'S HEAD] You're in charge of
the Tardis.

7. EXT. THE TARDIS AND THE PRIVATEER IN
THE VOID. DUSK.

(THE EXHAUST JETS OF THE
GREAT SHIP LOOM UP OUT OF
THE DARKENING MIST,
DWARFING THE SMALL BLUE
POLICE BOX, WHICH IS NOW
POSITIONED IN THE
GATEWAY.

THE TARDIS IS IN THE
IMMEDIATE PATH OF THE
BACKBLAST, THE EARLY
BUILD-UP TO WHICH IS
ALREADY APPEARING AS
SMALL FLICKERING FLAMES.

ROMANA AND THE DOCTOR
LEAVE THE TARDIS AND RUN
TOWARDS THE PRIVATEER,
WHICH IS BEGINNING TO
SETTLE)

8. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.
DUSK.

RORVIK: Steady now. I want a landing that wouldn't ripple the skin on a custard.

(THERE IS A RESOUNDING BOOM, AND THE BRIDGE SHAKES VIOLENTLY)

RORVIK: [APPARENTLY SATISFIED] Good lads. Whose got control of the overload power?

SAGAN: I think it's me?

RORVIK: You think? Listen, everybody. This isn't the MZ we're messing around with here -- it's a full blown back-blast. I'd appreciate it if you could keep your eye on the controls.

NESTOR: [TO SAGAN] You know that little blue box thing's in they way?

SAGAN: Yes. Let's see how far we can blow it.

PACKARD: Back-blast activated and building.

RORVIK: How long till full power?

PACKARD: Ten minutes. Hard to tell, with the motors in this state.

RORVIK: Hmmm.

(HE IS STARING AT THE
EMPTY NAVIGATOR'S
HARNESS)

RORVIK: [TO PACKARD;
SUDDENLY] Revivals. Break out the cargo.

PACKARD: What, now?

RORVIK: If this works we'll need to see where we're going.

PACKARD: We can't do a proper revival in ten minutes.

RORVIK: Revive them all.
One of them might come through.

(PACKARD DITHERS)

RORVIK: [A SUDDEN OUTBURST]
Try it! Let's do something around here for a change!

9. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA
ARE MOVING ROUND THE SHIP
TOWARDS THE DAMAGED
AREA)

ROMANA: Come on, Doctor.
This way.

DOCTOR: Thanks. How would I
get on without you?

ROMANA: You'll have to, one
day.

DOCTOR: Once we get back to
Gallifrey? Let's burn that bridge
when we come to it.

ROMANA: [WITH MEANING]
Perhaps we already have.

10. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(ALDO AND WALDO APPEAR IN THE DOORWAY. ALDO REACHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH. WALDO GRABS HIS HAND)

WALDO: Don't switch the light on! It's bad for them.

ALDO: It's none of it doing them much good. Ten minutes to plug them all up! I don't know... Rush, rush.

(THEY MOVE AMONGST THE PRONE THARKS, WHEELING THE FIT ONES OUT INTO A STRAIGHT LINE. SAGAN APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY)

SAGAN: Ready?

WALDO: Just as the Captain ordered. Neat as sardines.

SAGAN: Prepare for revival! Switch on now! Well, what's the matter?

ALDO: I'm coming over a touch nauseous, sir. I'd be all right with a breath of air...

SAGAN: [NONCOMMITTALLY]
Huh.

(ALDO SHAMBLES TO THE

DOOR.

WALDO MOVES TO FOLLOW
HIM)

SAGAN: [TO WALDO] Where are
you going?

WALDO: I'll just make sure
he's not having a bad time, sir.
I'll be back in a minute.

(SAGAN BUSIES HIMSELF
WITH PLUGGING IN THE
FIRST SLEEPING THARK AS
ALDO AND WALDO CREEP
OUT)

11. INT. CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(ALDO AND WALDO LEAN
AGAINST THE WALL, ASHEN
AND WIPING THEIR BROWS)

ALDO: I can't stand a lot
of that.

WALDO: Funny you joined up,
really.

ALDO: They said I'd be
posted close to home.

(WALDO SHAKES HIS HEAD.
FROM INSIDE THE STOREROOM
A TERRIBLE SCREAM EMERGES
AS SAGAN SWITCHES ON THE
FIRST REVIVAL ATTEMPT.

ALDO AND WALDO COWER
TOGETHER)

WALDO: It'll all end in
tears, mark my words.

12. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(SMOKE RISES FROM THE
BODIES OF THE
BADLY-BURNED THARKS --
FAILURES IN SAGAN'S
REVIVAL ATTEMPTS.)

RORVIK COMES IN WITH LANE
AT HIS ELBOW)

SAGAN: Sorry, sir. It's no
good.

RORVIK: No good? What kind
of a report is that?

SAGAN: Three tries, three
rejects.

LANE: It could be the
power fluctuations. Where we had
the damage. I'll get back and
check the cable.

RORVIK: Since when do you
give yourself orders on my ship.
I'll check the cable. Get back to
the bridge.

13. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(BIROC AND LAZLO STAND
OUTSIDE THE SHIP, AS IF
WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO
HAPPEN.

BIROC NODS TO LAZLO AND
GOES.

THE AIRLOCK DOOR OPENS,
AND RORVIK EMERGES INTO
THE VOID.

BEFORE HE CAN CLOSE THE
DOOR AGAIN LAZLO HAS
SLIPPED INTO THE SHIP.

RORVIK BLINKS, UNSURE
WHETHER HE HAS SEEN
ANYTHING OR NOT)

14. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE PRIVATEER.
DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA
ARE GROPING THEIR WAY UP
THE LADDER THAT RUNS BY
THE MAIN CABLE. THE
SCENE IS ILLUMINATED FROM
BELOW BY THE PULSATING
LIGHTS OF THE OVERLOADED
WARP MOTORS)

ROMANA: It's got to be here
somewhere.

DOCTOR: What?

ROMANA: A clipboard. I saw
him mark the spot.

RORVIK: [O.O.V] Is this
what you're looking for.

(THE CLIPBOARD COMES INTO
SHOT FROM HIGHER UP THE
LADDER. THEY LOOK UP TO
SEE:

RORVIK LOWERING OVER
THEM)

ROMANA: Look out, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Yes, very tricky.
[HE TAKES THE CLIPBOARD] Look
here, Rorvik. You'll have to stop
this back-blast. You'll kill us
all.

(ROMANA SIGNALS TO THE

DOCTOR, WHO, GETTING THE
MESSAGE, PASSES HER THE
CLIPBOARD WHILE HE
ENGAGES RORVIK IN
CONVERSATION)

RORVIK: So you say, Doctor.
I say it's the only way out of
here.

DOCTOR: You can't blast
through those mirrors. You must
realise by now that they just throw
the energy straight back.

RORVIK: They've got to
break. Everything breaks
eventually.

(SUDDENLY HE NOTICES WHAT
ROMANA IS TRYING TO DO:
REACH UP TO PUSH THE
DAMAGED CABLE AGAINST THE
LADDER WITH THE
CLIPBOARD, IN AN EFFORT
TO EARTH IT WHILE THE
DOCTOR PROVIDES THE
DISTRACTION.

HE GRABS HER)

RORVIK: Let's not have any
of that.

(THE DOCTOR DIVES FOR
RORVIK'S FEET, TRYING TO
PULL HIM AWAY FROM
ROMANA.

RORVIK KICKS OUT AT THE
DOCTOR, WHO HANGS ON TO
HIS ANKLES.

ROMANA BEATS RORVIK OVER

THE HEAD WITH THE
CLIPBOARD, BUT THE
SLAVER'S SKULL SEEMS TO
BE MADE OF DWARF STAR
ALLOY LIKE HIS SHIP)

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA] Never
mind about that, short the cable!

(THE DOCTOR TAKES OUT OF
HIS POCKET THE DWARF STAR
ALLOY MANACLE AND THROWS
IT UP TO ROMANA.)

AS ROMANA TURNS BACK TO
THE ELECTRICS RORVIK
GIVES A SERIES OF MIGHTY
SHAKES THAT EVENTUALLY
SENDS THE DOCTOR SLIDING
BACK DOWN THE LADDER)

ROMANA: Doctor!

(SHE DESERTS HER TASK AND
RUNS DOWN TO THE DOCTOR)

ROMANA: Doctor! Are you all
right?

DOCTOR: I told you to short
the cable.

ROMANA: Look!

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS UP TO
SEE THAT ROMANA HAS
MANAGED TO WEDGE THE
MANACLE BETWEEN THE CABLE
AND THE LADDER A FEW
INCHES FROM THE POINT AT
WHICH THE INSULATION IS
SPARKING.)

FOR A MOMENT WE WATCH THE
GAP BETWEEN THE EXPOSED
CABLE AND THE METAL RIM
OF THE MANACLE SHORTEN AS
THE INSULATION BURNS DOWN
LIKE A FUSE)

DOCTOR: That should do the
trick -- unless...

(RORVIK IS NOT BEATEN
YET. KEEPING HIS FACE
AVERTED FROM THE SPARKS
AND FLAMES HE IS REACHING
DOWN, TRYING TO DISLODGE
THE MANACLE)

ROMANA: I'll stop him.

DOCTOR: [GRABBING THE
LADDER] This isn't a job for the
assistant.

(MOMENTARILY THEY LOOK
DAGGERS AT ONE ANOTHER.
THEN ROMANA GRACIOUSLY
STEPS ASIDE AND LETS HIM
PASS.

BUT AT THAT INSTANT, THE
FACE OF BIROC
MATERIALISES OUT OF THE
SHADOWS ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE LADDER.

THE DOCTOR STOPS DEAD)

DOCTOR: What are you doing
here?

BIROC: Waiting.

(THE DOCTOR GLANCES UP.
RORVIK HAS ALMOST
DISLODGED THE MANACLE)

DOCTOR: That's all right for
you.

BIROC: For you too. Do
nothing.

ROMANA: [REALISATION
DAWNING] Of course! Doctor,
don't you see.....!

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT HER
AND AT BIROC. HE THROWS
A LAST LOOK UP AT THE
FRENETIC ENDEAVOURS OF
RORVIK, AND SMILES)

DOCTOR: Do nothing! -- if
it's the right sort of nothing.
Come on.

(BIROC EXTENDS HIS HANDS
TO THEM BOTH.

AS ROMANA AND THE DOCTOR
TOUCH BIROC THE THREE OF
THEM SHIMMER OUT OF PHASE
TOGETHER AS THEY MOVE
SWIFTLY OUT TOWARDS THE
VOID, LEAVING:

RORVIK UP ON THE LADDER,
TRIUMPHANTLY WAVING THE
MANACLE)

RORVIK: Run, Doctor. Scurry off back to your blue box. You're like all the rest, lizards when there's a man's job to be done. I'm sick of your kind, faint-hearted, lily-livered, do-nothing dead weights. This is the end for all of you. I'm finally getting something done.

(AND THE ROAR OF THE
BUILDING POWER OF THE
WARP MOTORS RISES TOWARDS
A CLIMAX)

15. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(SAGAN IS RESOLUTELY ADDRESSING HIMSELF TO THE REVIVAL EQUIPMENT AGAIN. HE DIALS A SWITCH, PICKS UP THE TERMINAL LEAD AND PREPARES TO PLUG INTO ANOTHER THARK.

FROM BEHIND HIM, OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND SHIMMERING SLIGHTLY STEPS LAZLO.

HE STANDS BETWEEN SAGAN AND THE THARK NEXT IN LINE FOR REVIVAL. HE HOLDS UP HIS HAND TO STOP SAGAN, WHOSE HEAD SPINS BACK AND FORTH IN DISBELIEF BETWEEN THE SMOKING THARK AND THE IMMACULATE LAZLO)

SAGAN: Here, I haven't done you. Where did you spring from? Never mind, you're just what we need.

(HE REACHES FOR HIS LASER, BUT LAZLO GRIPS HIS WRIST TIGHTLY AND WITH THE OTHER HAND TAKES THE ELECTRICAL LEAD WHICH SAGAN STILL HOLDS)

SAGAN: Just a minute...
hold on! NO!!!

(LAZLO TURNS THE TERMINALS TOWARDS SAGAN AND HAMMERS THEM INTO HIS CHEST. THE SHOCK THROWS SAGAN INTO A COMA, LIKE A SHOT RABBIT.

LAZLO MOVES ALONG THE
LINE OF DORMANT THARKS.

AT HIS TOUCH EACH BODY
BEGINS TO SHIMMER. THE
SQUARED SHADOW PATTERN
RIPPLES ACROSS HIM AS HE
MOVES)

16. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER AND
TARDIS. DUSK.

(THE PRIVATEER'S ENGINES,
NOW RUNNING TOWARDS FULL
POWER, SEND BLASTS OF HOT
AIR ROARING PAST THE
TARDIS, WHICH IS NOW
GLOWING ALMOST AT RED
HEAT.

BIROC, THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA RACE TOWARDS THE
TARDIS.

BIROC RELEASES THEM WHEN
THEY REACH THE DOORWAY.

THE DOCTOR MOVES FORWARD
BUT ROMANA HANGS BACK)

DOCTOR: Quickly, she'll blow
any minutes.

(THE DOCTOR REACHES FOR
THE DOOR, BUT SNATCHES
HIS HAND BACK WITH THE
INTENSE HEAT. HE WRAPS
HIS SCARF AROUND HIS HAND
AND PUSHES THE DOOR. IT
GIVES, AND HE HOLDS IT
OPEN FOR ROMANA)

DOCTOR: Get inside.

ROMANA: What about the
slaves?

DOCTOR: The Tharks can take
care of their own.

(HIS SCARF IS SINGEING

DANGEROUSLY. HE WINCES
AT THE HEAT FROM THE
DOOR, BUT STILL HE HOLDS
IT OPEN)

DOCTOR: Come on.
[CORRECTING HIMSELF] Sorry. Would
you care to step inside?

(ROMANA DOES SO)

DOCTOR: Well,
goodbye, Biroc. We must
hurry.

(THE TARDIS DOOR CLOSES)

17. INT. THE BANQUETING HALL. DUSK.

(BIROC, STILL SHIMMERING
OUT OF PHASE, RACES
ACROSS THE BANQUETING
HALL AND DIVES THROUGH
ONE OF THE MIRRORS)

18. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER AND
TARDIS. DUSK.

(NOW ALMOST WHITE HOT
UNDER THE TONGUES OF
FLAME LASHING IT FROM THE
PRIVATEER'S JETS, THE
TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

19. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR IS
WHITE-FACED, HUNCHED OVER
THE CONSOLE,
CONCENTRATING DEEPLY ON
THE CONTROLS)

DOCTOR: We might make it.

ROMANA: Will Biroc be all
right?

DOCTOR: All right? He'll be
superb. Keep your eye on the
scanner.

(ADRIC AND ROMANA LOOK UP
AT THE SCANNER, AND
SEE:)

20. EXT. THE SHELL OF THE PRIVATEER.
DUSK.

(MODEL SHOT)

(FROM A HIGH ANGLE THE PRIVATEER LIFTS CLEAR OF THE GROUND, ALL THREE ENGINES OPERATING AT FULL BLAST IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GATEWAY. THE ROAR OF THE ENGINES REACH FEVER PITCH, THERE IS AN ALMIGHTLY EXPLOSION, FLAME AND DEBRIS FILL THE SCREEN.

GRADUALLY THE SMOKE DISAPPEARS, LEAVING THE SHATTERED STUMPS OF THE GATEWAY, TOGETHER WITH THE REMAINS OF THE PRIVATEER, LIKE THE ROTTED CORPSE OF SOME BEACHED WHALE.

NOW OUT OF THE IMMENSE BELLY OF THE RUINED SHIP TROOPS A SHIMMERING LINE OF THARKS, SLOW-MOVING AND LEAD BY LAZLO)

21. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DUSK

(LAZLO'S LINE OF THARKS,
STILL SHIMMERING
SLIGHTLY, MOVE THROUGH
THE SMOKE-BLACKENED HALL
TOWARDS THE MIRROR.

AS LAZLO REACHES THE
MIRROR HE PAUSES
MOMENTARILY AND TURNS
SMILING TO THE THARKS,
RAISING HIS ARM TO
GESTURE THEM ON.

HE PASSES THROUGH THE
MIRROR, AND ONE BY ONE
THE THARKS FOLLOW HIM)

22. INT. THE AVENUE BEHIND THE MIRROR.
DUSK.

(BIROC, HOLDING THE THARK
CHILD'S HAND, IS LOOKING
OUT OF THE MIRROR INTO
THE BANQUETING HALL.

HE IS WELCOMING THE FREED
SLAVES)

23. EXT. THE THARK PALACE GARDENS. DUSK.

(AGAINST A BLACK AND
WHITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
GARDENS WE SEE THE TARDIS
MOMENTARILY MATERIALISE
IN THE AIR)

24. INT. THE AVENUE BEHIND THE MIRROR.
DUSK.

(BIROC LOOKS UP, AS IF
AWARE OF THE TARDIS)

25. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DUSK.

ADRIC: The picture's
fading. It's gone. There's
nothing there.

(THE DOCTOR VISIBLY
RELAXES AT THE CONTROLS.
THE TIME COLUMN IS NOW
OSCILLATING REGULARLY)

DOCTOR: So it is. Nothing.
Well, at least that's something.

ADRIC: How can nothing be
something.

DOCTOR: If the E-Space image
translator doesn't work, I'm hoping
it means we're in N-space.

ROMANA: Back in our own
universe. [AFTER A MOMENT] How
can we be sure?

DOCTOR: Did I say "sure".
One good solid hope is worth a
cartload of certainties. I'd hoped
you'd at least learnt that much.

ROMANA: [PASSING HIM A SMALL
BOX] Are you going to try the old
image translator?

(THE DOCTOR STUDIES IT
FOR A MOMENT)

DOCTOR: You've mended this.

ROMANA: No.

DOCTOR: Let's try it anyway.
[TO ADRIC] Keep your fingers
crossed.

(ADRIC CROSSES HIS TWO
INDEX FINGERS, THEN
REMEMBERS TO DO IT THE
WAY THE DOCTOR SHOWED HIM
ONCE BEFORE)

DOCTOR: [SMILING HIS
APPROVAL] You're learning fast.
[AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT HE REACHES OVER
AND REMOVES HIS HAT FROM ADRIC'S
HEAD] But I don't think you're
ready for that yet.

(AND THE DOCTOR PICKS UP
THE IMAGE TRANSLATOR AND
PREPARES TO SLOT IT INTO
THE CONSOLE)

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm